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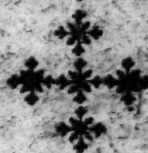
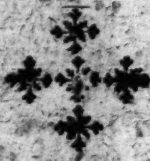
OF
COLONEL GARDINER.

BY

DR. D O D D R I D G E.

CONTAINING,

A particular account of his Birth, wicked Life, and miraculous Conversion: Likewise his melancholy Death at the battle of Prestonpans.



G L A S G O W,
PRINTED BY J. AND M. ROBERTSON.

MDCCLXXII.



MEMOIRS of Colonel GARDINER.

Colonel James Gardiner, was the second son of Captain Patrick Gardiner of the family of Torwoodhead, by Mrs. Mary Hodge, of the family of Gladsmuir. He was born at Caridden in Linlithgowshire on January 16, 1687, and was carefully instructed in the principles of Christianity, by his pious mother, and trained up in Linlithgow school, where he made a very considerable progress in the languages.

A military life suited his taste; and the ardour of his spirit animated by the persuasions of a friend (probably brig. Row) was not to be restrained. This lively youth fought three duels before he attained to the stature of a man: in one of which, when but eight years old, he received from a boy much older than himself, a wound in his right cheek, the scar of which was always very apparent: Yet, after his conversion, he disdained this false sense of honour, and was said to have declined a challenge, with this calm and truly great reply, "I fear sinning, though you know I do not fear fighting." He served first as a cadet; which must have been very early; for, at the age of fourteen, he was an ensign in a Scots regiment in the Dutch service. In 1702 he was made an ensign in the British service. At the battle of Ramilies he planted his colours on an advanced ground, and when he was calling to his men (probably with horrid oaths) he was wounded in the mouth by a musket ball, which, without beating out any of his teeth or touching the fore-part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out about an inch and an half on the left side of the vertebrae. Not feeling at first the pain, he began to suspect he had swallowed the ball, till dropping soon after, he traced the passage of it by his finger, when he could discover it no other way; this happened about five or six in the evening of May 23, 1706. and the army pursuing its advantages against the French, without regarding the wounded, (which was Marlborough's constant method), he lay all night in the field. As he thought God had kept him alive by a miracle, he concluded assuredly that he would live: But instead of being religiously affected, his

thoughts were taken up about securing his gold. Expecting to be stripped, he took out a handful of clotted gore, of which he was frequently obliged to clear his mouth, or he would been choaked: and putting it into his left hand he took out his money, about 16 pistoles, and shutting his hand, and besmearing the back part of it with blood, he kept it in this position, till the blood dried in such a manner, that his hand could not easily open on any sudden surprize. As the French were masters of that particular spot, tho' their army was defeated at some distance, he would have been killed by the plunderers next morning, had not a cordelier, just as one was going to kill him, interposed; who taking him to be a Frenchman, and nephew to the governor of Huy, as our young officer pretended, got him carried off from that place on a hand-barrow. But the men lost their way, lying in a wood all night, and the next morning took him to a convent in the neighbourhood where he was treated with great tenderness. But the care of his wounds was committed to an ignorant barber surgeon, who dressed it in such a manner that it was next to a miracle he survived. The abbess treated him with the care of a mother, and he received many devout admonitions from the ladies there, where every thing was conducted with the greatest decency. They would fain have persuaded him to acknowledge his miraculous deliverance, by embracing the Catholick faith. But tho' no religion lay near his heart, he had too much the spirit of a gentleman, lightly to change that form of religion which he wore (as it were) loose about him.

From this to his 30th year, he frequently experienced the divine goodness, in preserving him in several hot actions. He was advanced by degrees till April 19, 1743; when he was made Colonel of the Dragoons lately Bland's, at the head of which he valiantly fell, Sept. 21, 1745.

When the Earl of Stair was appointed ambassador to France by King George I. and made his splendid entrance into Paris, Captain Gardiner was master of the horse, and gained great credit by the admirable adjustment of that ceremony. He was so much in the Earl's confidence, as to be soon after intrusted with the important dispatches relating to a discovery of a design of the French K. to invade Britain in favour of the Pretender.

The Captain made his journey to London with the utmost speed. Soon after, Sept. 1. 1715. Lewis XIV. died, and he returned to Paris; where he continued with small interruption till 1720, passing the greatest part of that time in such a gay amorous manner, as procured him the dreadful appellation of "the happy rake."

Yet still the checks of conscience broke in upon his most licentious hours, as he retained a secret apprehension that natural and revealed religion were founded in truth. His continual neglect of the great Author of his being, gave him, in some moments of involuntary reflection, inexpressible remorse, and this at times wrought to such a degree, that he resolved to pay him some acknowledgement: Accordingly for a few mornings, he did it, repeating, in retirement, some passages out of the psalms, and other scriptures; and owning in a few words, the many mercies and deliverances he had received, and the ill returns he had made. But this did not continue long; for how readily soever he could acknowledge the divine power, presence, and goodness, and own his faults, he was stopp'd short by the remembrance of his conscience. As the flagrant absurdity of confessing sins he did not desire to forsake, and of pretending to praise God for his mercies, when he did not endeavour to behave in such a manner as gratitude, if sincere, would plainly dictate, a model of devotion, where such sentiments could make no part, his good sense could not digest; and the use of such language before a heart searching God, merely as a hypocritical form, while the sentiments of his soul were contrary to it, justly appeared to him such daring profaneness, that irregular as the state of his mind was, the thoughts of it struck him with horror. He therefore determined to make no more attempts of this sort; and was perhaps one of the sort that deliberately laid aside prayer, from some sense of God's omniscience, and some natural principle of honour and conscience. The wound he received at Ràmilies was often reported to have been the occasion of his conversion; but this was a mistake. That memorable event happened towards the middle of July, 1719. He had spent the evening (a Sabbath as 'tis thought) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend at twelve. The company broke up about eleven;

Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner.

and he went to his chamber to kill the tedious hour. It happened accidentally that he took up Watson's *Christian Soldier*, or *Heaven taken by storm*; (which his mother and aunt had slipped into his portmanteau without his knowledge) expecting by the title to find phrases of his own profession spiritualized, so as to afford him diversion, he dipped into it; but took no serious notice of what he was reading. Yet, while the book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind, (perhaps God only knows how) which drew after it a train of the most happy consequences. He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle: but lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of Christ on the cross, surrounded on all sides with glory, and was impressed, as if a voice or something equivalent to a voice had come to him to this effect,) for he was confident as to the very words) "O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns!" But whether it was an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind equally striking, he did not seem very confident, tho' he rather judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon, there remained hardly any life in him; so that he sunk down in the arm chair in which he sat, and continued he knew not exactly how long, insensible; when he opened his eyes, he saw nothing more than usual. The circumstance last mentioned, made Dr. Doddridge suggest to him, that he might possibly be all the while asleep. There is indeed a possibility that while he was sitting in this attitude, and reading in this careless and profane manner he might possibly fall asleep, and only dream of what he apprehended he saw. But he always judged himself to have been as broad awake the whole time as ever he was; and mentioned it several times afterwards, as what undoubtedly passed, not only in his imagination, but before his eyes. He was in no condition to make any observation, upon the time in which he had remained in an insensible state. Nor did he throughout all the remainder of the night, once recollect that detestable assignation which had before engrossed all his thoughts. He rose in a tumult of passions

not to be conceived; and walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart; appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his life time been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins, and now saw, as he assuredly believed, by a miraculous vision, the horror of what he had done. With this was connected such a view of the majesty and goodness of God, as caused him to loath and abhor himself, and to repent as in dust and ashes. He immediately gave judgement against himself, that he was most justly worthy of eternal damnation. He was astonished, that he was not struck dead in the midst of his wickedness: And tho' he assuredly believed that he should e'er long be in hell, and settled it as a point within himself for several months, that the wisdom and justice of God did almost necessarily require, that such an enormous sinner should be made an example of everlasting vengeance, and a spectacle as such, both to angels and men, so that he hardly durst presume to pray for pardon; yet what he then suffered was not so much for the fear of hell, tho' he concluded it would soon be his portion; as from a sense of that horrible ingratitude he had shewed to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer who had been in so affecting a manner set forth as crucified before him. He passed the remainder of the night waking; and could get but little rest in the time that followed. But it is certain, that by what passed before he left his chamber the next day, the whole frame and disposition of his soul was new moulded and changed; so that he became, and continued to the last day of his life, the very reverse of what he had been before.

This conversion also put him upon a methodical kind of life. He rose at four, or sooner; as his business required him abroad, and spent two hours in secret devotion. He seldom ate more than one mouthful of bread, with a glass of wine, at night, and went to bed at ten constantly, after he had spent some time in prayer and meditation. And here it is worth the remarking, that notwithstanding it was currently reported among his former loose companions, that he was run stark mad, his open rebuke of vice, innocent and agreeable conversation, were so far from depriving him of any one valuable friend, that he found himself much more esteemed

and regarded, even by those who had no resolution to follow his good example.

His person was remarkably graceful, and amiable in his younger years. He was about six feet high, well proportioned, and strongly built.

He married Lady Frances Erskine, daughter to the late Earl of Buchan. This happened on July 11, 1726. He had 13 children by this lady, of which at his death, were living, two sons and three daughters; and he always treated her with a manly tenderness; and, as his employment required his absence frequently from his family, he provided them a chaplain, who also served as a tutor to his children. As to his military prowess, they are confirmed in every dangerous battle he faced; he fought in Flanders under the Duke of Marlborough: He it was, in the year 1715, who with 12 men only, set fire to the barricado at Proud Preston: in front of the rebel army, who poured in their small shot upon him, and killed 8 out of his 12 men. In every station he gained love and influence for his merit. He abhorred curling and swearing, his exemplary gravity and reverence at divine worship, deserved the highest regard. He was ever ready to bestow favours where he knew need required: zealous in vindicating the characters of the absent, and looked upon the murderers of one's reputation as the vilest pests to society.

His alms-giving was very extensive: the relief of the distressed and afflicted as a self indulgence. When the rebellion burst out, his regiment was ordered to Stirling, and in taking his leave of his lady and the eldest daughter, he answered their tears, and fears of losing him, with this sentence, "We have an eternity to spend together."——

The night before the battle of Prestonpans, he drew up his regiment, rode thro' their ranks, and in a most respectful animating manner, addressed them both as soldiers and as christians, that they would be courageous in the service of their country: Then proposed to plant the cannon in the centre of their small army, and attack the enemy immediately: but in this proposal he was over-ruled. He continued all night under arms wrapped up in his cloak. About three in the morning he called to him his four domestick servants, giving them most solemn charges, as seemed to intimate it was his

last farewell to them. The remainder of his time he spent in devotion, till break of day, when the king's army was attacked, and at the first onset, he received a musket bullet on his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in the saddle: on which his servant would have him to retreat; to whom he said, It is only a wound in the flesh, he again received a shot in the right thigh, while his regiment after a faint fire made a precipitate retreat, but only Lt. Colonel Whitney, Lt. West and 15 dragoons, who stood by him to the last: He still fighting on, and seeing a party of the foot fighting valiantly without any officer at their head, "Those brave fellows (said he) will be cut to pieces for want of a commander, and riding up to them, cried, Fire on my lads and fear nothing!" At which instant a Highlander with a scythe in the end of a long pole, gave him a deep wound on his right arm, which made his sword drop out of his hand, and being enclosed on all sides and dragged from his horse, the moment he fell, another Highlander with a Lochaber-axe gave him the mortal blow on the hinder part of his head; being then laid flat on the field, with his left hand waved his hat, as a signal to his most faithful servant to retreat, saying, Take care of yourself. This account of his death was given by the said servant Mr. John Foster, to Dr. Doddridge, his servant then rode off to a milln about two miles distant; where he disguised himself into the habit of a miller's servant, and returned in all haste he could make, with a horse and cart, where he found his dear master lying speechless, but breathing, stripped of his upper garment, boots, watch and other things of value. On taking him up, he opened his eyes, and was thought to be sensible: he carried him to the church of Tranent, but was immediately taken into the minister's house and laid in a bed; where he continued breathing and groaning till about eleven in the forenoon, when he died; and was buried the third day after, in the church of Tranent. His obsequies was honoured with persons of distinction, in regard to his memory and character, tho' the country was in his enemies hands, they sent a detachment, as even they themselves spoke honourably of him, and joined with his friends in lamenting the fall of so brave, and so worthy a man.

F I N I S.

